



AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE







REV. D. A. CASEY  
("Columba")

# At the Gate of the Temple

D. A. CASLY

(Columbia)

AUTHOR'S EDITION

1914



REV. D. W. HENRY

*Ind. Possy* 1410

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BY  
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WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

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D. A. CASEY

TO

**My Mother**

Whose good opinion I value above  
aught else that earth can hold, this  
little volume is lovingly dedicated.

It may be that the critic will find  
herein much to censure, and very  
little to commend, but the pleasure it  
will bring you is sufficient justification  
for its publication.



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## At the Gate of the Temple

### THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST.

HE came to her from out eternal years,  
A smile upon His lips, a tender smile  
That, somehow, spoke of partings and of tears.

'Twas eventide, and silence brooded low  
On earth and sky—the hour when haunting fears  
Of mystery pursue us as we go.

Strange, mystic shadows filled the temple dim,  
But on the Golden Door the ruby glow  
Spoke orisons more sweet than vesper hymn.

No human accents voiced His gentle call,  
No crashing thunderbolts did wait on Him,  
As when of old He deigned to summon Saul.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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But Heart did speak to heart, an unseen chord  
In Love's own scale did sweetly rise and fall;  
Nor questioned she, but meekly answered "Lord!"

To-night some household counts a vacant chair,  
But far on high Christ portions the reward,  
A hundred-fold for each poor human care.

## BEREFT

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### BEREFT.

IT'S me that's sad an' lonesome since the white  
ship sailed away;

I miss the red veins o' me heart, my youngest,  
Willie bawn;  
Myself here by the fireside all the long hours o'  
the day,  
Me thoughts in foreign places, or beyant wid  
him that's gone.

Whin first the ocean called to thim, although I  
missed thim sore,

Yet whilst himself was left to me I wasn't all  
alone;  
But since the day whin, cold an' stark, he passed  
beyant the door,  
There's none but God an' Mary left to spake  
to now, ashore.



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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But praised be God, he's sleepin' there beside the  
abbey wall;

'Tis lonesome by the winther's fire, but why  
should I complain?

For lyin' there so nigh to me I think I hear him  
call,

But ne'er a whisper comes to me across the  
cruel main.

'Tis sad to see, above the grave, a weepin' mother  
kneel;

To know her heart is breakin' at the rattle o'  
the clay;

But ah! my grief, though death be hard, 'tis  
more than that I feel,

A hundhred times the lonesome night, a thou-  
sand times the day.

For Death is kinder than the ships that bear thim  
o'er the foam;

The grave is nearer than the land that lies  
beyant the West;

And though they're gone yet, praised be God  
they're sleepin' near to home,

And 'tis no sthranger's hand, asthore, that lays  
thim down to rest.

. . . . .

## BEREFT

---

If only Willie bawn were here to lay me in the  
clay,

To place me poor old bones to rest alongside  
him that's gone,

His hand in mine—I'd welcome thin the breakin'  
o' the day,

An' I'd not fear the long boreen that leads beyant  
the dawn.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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### BETHLEHEM.

ACROSS the gloom of all the dragging years  
Men watched the breaking of Redemption  
dawn;  
The pontiff's prayers, the sinner's blinding tear  
Were crowned resplendent in the light that  
shone  
Above the portals of that windswept cave  
Where shepherds found Him in a manger laid  
And, doubting not His wondrous power to save  
With trusting hearts their faithful homage  
paid.

O lowly manger, cradling boundless Love,  
What lips can speak, what artist heart can  
paint,  
Thy wondrous story? Not heaven above,  
Thrice blest abode of seraph and of saint,  
Holds more of Promise for the aching hearts  
Of countless hosts who, while the ages roll,  
Have traded not in Satan's busy marts,  
But sought the Peace beloved of the soul.

## BETHLEHEM

---

The passing years see many a slogan die  
That once the eager ears of thousands thrilled.  
"Behold, we bring you tidings of great joy,"  
That long ago the world with music filled,  
Rings down the years as full of hope to-day  
As when the glad seraphic chorus told  
Its fateful meaning, in the dawning grey,  
To Juda's shepherds watching o'er the fold.

O Bethlehem, the glory of that night  
With verdant Hope still bathes a world grown  
old;  
And hearts are glad, and weary eyes are bright,  
Where'er on earth the Christmas tale is told.  
The Word made Flesh is potent, as of yore,  
To lift the thoughts of men beyond the skies;  
The hurrying feet of men still kneel before  
The Godhead beaming in a Baby's eyes.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

### AN IRISH ROSARY.

'Tis Rosary time in Ireland,  
And looking across the years,  
A picture unfolds before me  
( 'Tis dimmed with a mist of tears ),  
For sure it lacks gorgeous setting,  
No wealth of color it boasts,  
But Rosary time in Ireland  
Is envied by angel hosts.

Ah, never was rank or station,  
Or fame of glorious deeds,  
As dear as that scene in Ireland,  
When mother took down the beads;  
And readily would I barter  
The trophies the years have won  
To kneel by that hallowed fireside  
When the day's rough task is done.

## AN IRISH ROSARY

---

I care not for stately temples,  
Or glamor of service grand;  
I'd rather one prayer in Ireland,  
For isn't it God's own land?  
The smell of the turf for incense,  
And love for the sacred light—  
Ah, Rosary time in Ireland!  
My heart is with you to-night.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

### MY PRAYER FOR YOU.

WHAT shall I ask for you, Dear Heart, at the  
Altar of Sacrifice,  
When the White Host rests in the priestly hands,  
and the Blood the chalice dyes?  
For the gifts of earth—the Dead Sea fruit that  
ever is void and sere—  
Shall this be my prayer for you, Dear Heart, as  
I kneel at the altar here?

Earth's honors and wealth and beauty rare—ah,  
what do they all avail?  
For the purple trappings of pomp and power but  
aching hearts entail!  
O Friend, shall I ask a part for you in the things  
that are defiled?  
Would you build your throne in the hearts of  
men or the Heart of a Little Child?

## MY PRAYER FOR YOU

---

And over the waste of days, Dear Heart, there  
comes to my listening ear—

'Tis the Voice that I loved in the Golden Past—  
in accents loud and clear,

"The empty gifts of the changing hour are but  
for the worldly wise.

Do but ask for me through the ages grey the  
Light of a Baby's Eyes.

"For the shadow love of the human heart for  
ever craves for change,

As an infant reaches its tiny hands for toys that  
are new and strange;

The idle laughter of yesterday gives place to the  
saddening tear;

The floral gifts of the birth hour gay look  
withered and old on the bier.

"Love's summer days at best are brief. The  
shadows grow apace.

For each brief moment a bleeding heart and the  
Memory of a Face.

The fairest works of our human hands shall fade  
with the fleeting day,

Eternal Faith and Eternal Love are the things  
that will last for aye."



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

Aye, Eternal Faith and Eternal Love must be  
the final test—

The Faith and the Love that a ~~man~~ give to  
life's tempestuous quest—

Eternal Faith and Eternal Love, twin lamps to  
our feet of clay,

May God's mercy grant that they walk, Dear  
Heart, with thee till the Dawning Day.

## RESIGNATION

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### RESIGNATION.

SINCE God would have it so 'tis best,  
Nor murmurings nor bitter tears  
Shall break our dear departed's rest ;  
" Fiat "—the worth of Faith appears.

We ask not wherefore this should be,  
Why at life's dawning Death should wait ;  
We humbly bow to God's decree,  
Nor think it idle chance of fate.

But yet will flesh not be denied  
Its tribute of poor human tears,  
As memories that long abide  
Come trooping down across the years.

The absent face, the vacant chair,  
The eyes that loved, the lips that smiled,  
The brow that knew no line of care,  
The heart that never sin beguiled,

From out the tablets of the mind  
The passing years can ne'er efface,  
Nor aching hearts shall solace find,  
Until we meet her face to face.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

### THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS.

FROM out the distant East He called three men  
of kingly bearing.  
How count it strange if Royalty for regal rank  
be caring?  
But 'twas for other cause than this that West-  
ward they were faring.

The lowly shepherds of the hills were of His faith  
and nation,  
But His redeeming Light should shine through  
out the whole creation;  
His first-fruits these three holy men, and wise  
of kingly station.

His Kingdom compassed earth and sky—His  
Household knew no stranger.  
O'er mountain peaks, through desert wastes, and  
many a toil and danger,  
They came this wondrous thing to see—a King  
laid in a manger.

## THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

---

They offered Him their three-fold gift—the gold  
of their affection,

The frankincense of steadfast will, the myrrh of  
their subjection.

He was their King, His subjects they—the first  
of His election.

O windswept cave of Bethlehem—however poor  
and lowly—

Howe'er devoid of worth are we—be sin our  
riches solely,

Thy Star of Hope still points the way that leads  
to the All-Holy.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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### FULFILMENT.

A SUMMER'S eve in Ireland, an open cabin door,  
And rev'rent figures kneeling upon the earthen  
floor;

"Ave, gratia plena," and then "Benedicta tu,"  
I heard the prayerful chorus, and so the vision  
grew

Of a cottage home in Juda, and she who was with  
child,

Bending in lowly homage before a Maiden mild

Methought I heard adown the years the Virgin  
wondrous song,

"The nations all shall call me blest throughout  
the ages long;"

As bright in midnight skies appears the light  
ning's sudden gleam,

So suddenly the vision showed why faithful  
hearts esteem

The beads—our Mother's blessed beads that  
heretics despise—

Their solace in this vale of tears, hope for beyond  
the skies.

## FULFILMENT

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The Aves heard in Irish home, the prophecy sub-  
lime,  
Are linked by Faith's enduring chain across the  
leagues of time.  
They little heed the cultured scoff, the critic's  
thoughtless sneer,  
They hail the Rosary a sign, to them the beads  
are dear.  
'Tis writ the plain and simple shall confound the  
wisest sage;  
A grey-haired mother and her beads rebukes a  
creedless age.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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### O HEART OF MINE.

O HEART of mine, why brood upon the bitter,  
When there's so much of sweet in humankind  
To see the sweet were surely always fitter,  
The silver bars behind the clouds to find.

O Heart of mine, so many hearts are breaking,  
So many souls are cast in Sorrow's mould,  
That why should you, the common cross for  
saking,  
Seek summer days as beggar seeks for gold?

O Heart of mine, why add to Grief's sad total?  
Why multiply the human weight of woe?  
If Law is Love, then Love's the soul's betrothal—  
The symbol whence His fellowship we know.

O Heart of mine, if, travel-stained and weary,  
Thy brothers fall along the way of life,  
A kindly smile upon their pathway dreary,  
One little word, may nerve them for the strife.

O Hearts of men, be makers all of gladness  
Be like the Heart of Jesus, meek and mild;  
Do good to all, and then the wide world's sadness  
Will fade before the smile of Mary's Child.

## PASSING BY

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### PASSING BY.

AN IRISH LEGEND OF ALL SOULS' EVE.

THE raindrops patter against the pane,  
The wind moans by the door;  
Herself, she sees that the fire is bright,  
And then sweeps up the floor;  
Himself, he tells the Beads, the while  
The others answer low,  
"God pity the souls that are out to-night,  
And rest the dead we know."

So wise are we in our own conceit,  
So versed in learned lore,  
We smile to think that the holy souls  
Should wait there by the door,  
In that old-time land where the things of Faith  
Are part of the woof of day,  
Where, though there's always bread to win,  
Yet so there's time to pray.



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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For us, who measure the things of Faith  
By scientific brief,  
A superstition, a fairy-tale,  
We hold such vain belief.  
We sift, we measure, we weigh, we test,  
We hold the balance straight,  
We war on the idols of yesterday,  
Our creed is up-to-date.

And yet, sometimes, to our smug conceit,  
There comes a jarring thought,  
That this, our boasted liberty,  
Has been too dearly bought.  
For better than all philosophy  
And analytic art  
Is the gift denied to the worldly-wise—  
A child-like faith and heart.

## AN OCTOBER THOUGHT

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### AN OCTOBER THOUGHT.

We crowned you with garlands of roses,  
And hailed you our Queen of the May;  
And sweet were our thoughts as we chanted  
Before you the prayerful Ave;  
But sweeter the thoughts we are thinking  
On this your own Rosary Day.

For there is a joy in October  
Far sweeter than aught that has been;  
And there is a name that is dearer  
Than even your title of Queen—  
That, touching a chord in our being,  
Makes music the sweetest, I ween.

We list to the lure of the morning,  
Our thoughts keep in step with our feet;  
Our thoughts and our feet in the gloaming  
Hie homeward our Mother to greet,  
Where shining afar in the darkness,  
Her love is a beacon-light sweet.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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Ah, we have seen summer's brief glory  
Grow grey in the autumnal sky;  
And well have we heard in the silence  
The wheels of the Reaper go by,  
Adown the grim roadway of shadows,  
That ever and ever draws nigh.

This, then, is the thought we are thinking,  
On this your own Rosary Day,  
That we may have you for our Mother  
When life's hues are mingled with grey,  
When Summer has passed into Autumn,  
And Night's shades engulf us for aye.

## THE IRISH MOTHER.

THERE'S a humble little cottage far away in  
sweet Tipp'rary,

Where a little Irish mother sits forlorn by the  
door;

And she's thinkin' av the childre' while the heart  
av her is wairy,

Wid the watchin' for the sight av thim the  
eyes av her are sore.

Ah, poor little Irish mother, sure, 'tis you that's  
sad an' lonely,

Since they left you, like the wild geese in the  
springtime fly away,

Though they sind you goold in plinty, sure 'tis  
thim you're wantin' only—

Just a glimpse av thim returnin' home across  
the winthry say.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

Sure you're waitin' that returnin' since the day  
they wint an' left you,  
'Tis that lonesome by the turf-fire through the  
dhrairy winter night,  
Without war av thim to spake to, just as though  
the death bereft you,  
But praise' be the Son av Mary, sure whate'er  
He wills is right.

Ah, poor little Irish mother, far away in sweet  
Tipp'rarry,  
'Tis av you the boys are thinkin' as in foreign  
ways they roam;  
An' between their work they're prayin' to the  
lovin' Son av Mary  
That He'd send the ship to bear thim back to  
their Tipp'rarry home.

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS LEGEND

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AN IRISH CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

PILE high the turf upon the fire,  
And make the cabin bright,  
And put no bolt upon the door  
This blessed Christmas night;  
For if so be they pass this way,  
And she in trouble sore,  
They'll know an Irish welcome waits  
Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles there—  
Put one for every pane—  
That they may see the blessed light  
A-shining through the rain;  
The curlew calls across the sky,  
The winds are keening low,  
Who knows but here they'll rest a while,  
As on the way they go?

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,  
The doors were bolted fast,  
And in the dawn's grey light they found  
Their footsteps as they passed;  
For this the Christmas lights are set,  
The doors are open wide,  
That in her travail she may know  
A place she may abide.

The inns were full, but there is room,  
This blessed Christmas night,  
For Mary and her Holy Child  
Where shines the Christmas light.  
Then set a candle in each pane,  
That, passing, they may know  
A welcome waits the Holy Child  
Where Christmas lights do glow.

nd

THE BELGIAN DEAD.

PITY the martyr dead? Nay, rather praise,  
 (They need not pity who so nobly die),  
 If coward choice assured them length of days  
 Then Shame might weep; now Pity's eyes are  
 dry.

Nay, shed no tears, though mothers' hearts do  
 break,  
 Though Belga's plains hold hecatombs of dead;  
 Oh, let no sound of grief their slumbers wake,  
 But place the laurel wreath above their head.

Crown them as victors in the fearful strife  
 (A hero's death can never spell defeat),  
 One only gift had they, and e'en their life,  
 Ne'er questioning, they laid at Freedom's feet.

They knew but little of the art of war,  
 But much of Honor, so they made their choice—  
 The treacherous bait of Empire to abhor—  
 They made it freely, and they paid the price



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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In roofless firesides and in rifled shrines,

In bloody corpses that a burial seek,

In outraged victims of the fell designs

Of monsters wreaking vengeance on the weak

Aye, it were pitiful did we but know

That Right shall victor be though stars do fall

In blood and tears a fruitful crop they sow ;

Their deeds shall live until the Judgment Call

OCTOBER, 1914.

## THE FALLEN ENEMY

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### THE FALLEN ENEMY.

WHERE once rose happy homes and gardens  
smiled,

Here in the harvest field the dead are piled.

Foes of but yesterday sleep side by side,  
Death garners here the sheaves of War's red tide.

O ye who watch above the common bier,  
E'en to the foe grudge not a pitying tear.

What though they wrought destruction on your  
land!

Yet censure not, but rather those who planned

War's awful drama at the Council Board,  
And in a frenzied moment drew the sword

That deluged Europe with a sea of blood—  
The guilt is theirs; they stand accused of God.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

Bear, then, no thought of enmity 'gainst those  
Who silent sleep in hated garb of foes.

They had no choice, nor have they aught of blame  
They did but fight because the order came.

Another conscience settled Wrong and Right,  
But simple soldiers these, just made to fight.

For these dead brothers sleeping silent there,  
One Requiescat do ye, Christ-like, spare.

## OUR LADY OF THE MAGNIFICAT

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### OUR LADY OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

AT Anna's knee in humble home,  
Beneath the Temple's spacious dome,  
Predestined Mother of the Word,  
Did Mary magnify the Lord.

When Gabriel veiled his shining face,  
And hailed her " Virgin, full of grace,"  
Her " Fiat " listening ages heard,  
And knew she magnified the Lord.

Strange stars illumed the midnight sky,  
The Word unto His Spouse drew nigh,  
Adoring angels bent in awe  
Before Him throned upon the straw.

The joys of Jesus' childhood years  
Were bitter sweet with haunting fears;  
Her soul, transfixed by Simeon's sword,  
Did humbly magnify the Lord.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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Beneath the Cross on Calvary's hill  
What thoughts did Mary's bosom fill?  
But as she brought us forth in pain,  
She murmured still the old refrain.

MAGNIFICAT! O Mother mine,  
Teach me not idly to repine,  
But bare my breast for Sorrow's sword—  
Teach me to magnify the Lord.

OUR LADY OF OCTOBER.

1—

Ave! It was our greeting fair  
In joyous month of May;  
And, though the summer-time be fled,  
The prayer we make to-day  
To her we loud proclaim our Queen  
Is still the sweet Ave.

Though faded now the blooms of spring  
And hushed the song of bird,  
Yet tribute pay we still to her,  
The Mother of the Word,  
The same that first from angel lips  
Her virgin bosom stirred.

Ah, faded now the wreaths of May,  
But sweeter wreaths we twine  
As one by one we tell the beads  
Before our Lady's shrine;  
And as at sound of first Ave  
Our Mother's face doth shine.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

Ave! October's Queen we hail  
As summer glory dies,  
For well we know the setting sun  
On other Mays will rise,  
When we shall keep our Lady's feast  
With her beyond the skies.

## THE DEAD CHILD

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### THE DEAD CHILD.

So young! So fair! So swift the sudden calling,  
A child, and dead!  
Ah, wonder not the bitter tears are falling  
O'er his dear head.

Sealed lips! Dim eyes! No cheery word of  
greeting  
For loved ones nigh,  
But out beyond the stars he waits the meeting  
With God on high.

So sleep, beloved, in hope of glad awaking  
With Christ above;  
In peace to rest, the prayer thine own are making,  
Through tears of love.

Thy will, not ours; we bow to Thy decision,  
O Meek and Mild.  
Sweet Jesus, grant, we pray, Thy blessed vision  
To our dear child.



THE EXILE.

You smile at an old man's fancy,  
You wonder I should complain  
When every want is satisfied,  
And I know not ache or pain;  
For sure the great God's good and kind,  
And I thank Him night and day,  
But can I forget Old Ireland  
When my thoughts are there alway?

You talk of your parks and gardens,  
But I tell you they can't compare  
With a country lane in Ireland  
When summer is in the air.  
God gives of His own sweet beauty  
To every land, I know;  
But, ah! you should be in Ireland  
Where the hawthorn hedges grow.

## THE EXILE

---

You boast of your asphalt pavement ;  
    'Tis hard on an old man's feet,  
And never a kind " God save you "   
    You hear in the busy street ;  
But the winding roads of Ireland  
    Lead up to the throne of God,  
And many's the prayerful greeting  
    They breathe in the dear old sod.

Your houses are large and spacious,  
    And furnished with regal store ;  
And sure in the homes of Ireland  
    No carpets are on the floor.  
But there is a gem surpassing  
    The glitter of richest gold—  
The Faith of the sons of Ireland  
    Where the evening " beads " are told.

Though yours is a land of plenty  
    There are things that gold can't buy—  
The lilt of the birds in Ireland,  
    The grey of an Irish sky,  
The smile on the cheerful faces,  
    The hearts that are quick to pray.  
God keep you and guard you, Ireland !  
    My heart is with you to-day.

CONSOLATION.

SOMETIMES, when those we trust our trust betray,  
And, weary grown, we feel as though 'twere vain  
Our daily cross, augmented, up to take;  
When slander's poisoned darts leave galling  
wounds

Upon the naked heart—at times like this,  
When all without is dark and winter-cold,  
And midnight shadows lie athwart the soul,  
How sweet the thought that Jesus understands,  
Because He, too, hath tasted of Despair,  
And, having suffered like, can feel for us  
Who in Gethsemane our vigil keep.

## OUR TRYSTING-PLACE

---

### OUR TRYSTING-PLACE.

OVER the weary waste of sea  
Your Christmas message came to me,  
Linking the lonely leagues that part  
A brother's from a sister's heart;  
Only a whisper, " We shall meet  
Before the Crib at Jesu's feet."

I was so lonely that the tears  
Their tribute paid to bygone years.  
Faces passed in the fading fire,  
And Thought made pact with vain Desire.  
( Time, that all other wounds can heal,  
But makes the parting pain more real. )

Dreaming, the torture of the brain,  
( For dreams can never solace pain ),  
Saw I the scenes of long ago,  
The Mass-bell called across the snow,  
Bidding the people kneel in prayer  
Before the lowly Manger there.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

Fondly I scanned each well-loved face  
That lingered in the holy place.  
Peace did my weary soul pervade  
Before the Crib where He was laid,  
For I had heard your whisper brief,  
And solace found for aching grief.

CHRISTMAS, 1913.

## MY PRAYER

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### MY PRAYER.

All, not the praise of men, but one kind thought  
    Within a child's pure heart;  
Not pleasant paths, but rough ways even wrought;  
    The martyr grace to part  
With all that keeps my spirit earthward bent;  
    One sacramental tear  
For gifts abused, grace squandered, time mis-  
    spent;  
    Of staining sin the fear;  
Be this my prayer, for this, dear Lord, I plead:  
    Keep far the earthly sweet,  
And e'en though I should falter, do Thou lead  
    Me to Thy Sacred Feet.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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### A MAY GIFT TO MARY.

AVE MARIA! Sweet Queen of the May!  
What shall we bring to your altar to-day?  
Odor of lily and incense of rose?  
Gifts for our Queen that the spring-time bestows,  
All that is fairest we lay at Thy feet,  
Fondly our Queen of the May-time we greet.

Ave Maria! sweet Queen of the May!  
Lilies may wither, the rose fade away,  
Fairer, O Mary, the chaplet we twine,  
Worthy our gift of our sweet Mother's shrine,  
Love of our hearts do we lay at Thy feet,  
Fondly our Queen of the May-time we greet.

Ave Maria! sweet Queen of the May!  
Queen of our hearts do we hail Thee to-day.  
Help us be steadfast when dangers are nigh,  
Raising our thoughts to the Kingdom on high.  
Jesu! Maria! we lovingly greet,  
Hearts that are faithful we lay at Thy feet.

## CHRIST AND THE SHEPHERDS

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### CHRIST AND THE SHEPHERDS.

"And the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem."—Luke 2: 15.

Oh, had I been in Galilee  
That night of wondrous mystery,  
And heard the angel cohorts sing,  
"Hosanna to the Infant King,"  
I'd curb my burning wish to see  
My Lord that came to set me free;  
Methinks I'd stand beside the way,  
Until in light of dawning grey  
The lowly shepherds entered in,  
And knelt before the King of men.

For though my Lord was but a Child  
In Mary's arms so meek and mild,  
If still I found the angels there  
Not all the sight of manger bare  
Would give me strength to kneel before  
The Holy Babe, on earthen floor,  
But when the shepherds entered in  
No more I'd fear the King of men.



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

I somehow dread that wondrous star  
That led the rulers from afar ;  
And though they lowly homage paid  
To Him who kings and kingdoms made,  
Yet they were there of noble line  
That but acclaimed the King divine ;  
But when the shepherds entered in  
I'd know He loved not kings but men.

## THE EMBLEM OF IRELAND

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### THE EMBLEM OF IRELAND.

For more than seven centuries of years,  
A martyr nation's emblem, crimsoned red,  
Bedewed with ocean depths of bitter tears,  
Yet thou wouldst not disown it, Drooping  
Head.

They sought to win thee from thy heart's true  
love,  
With honeyed words they wooed thee. All in  
vain.  
For thou hadst pledged thy troth to Him above,  
And earthly nuptials treated with disdain.

They offered thee the kingdoms of the earth,  
But thou preferred the Shamrock and the  
Cross;  
Thou wouldst not place a stranger at thy hearth  
For all the world's wealth of golden dross.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

For this we love this emblem of our race,  
This symbol of your fealty to God,  
E'en though we ne'er have looked upon your face  
Or kissed the sacred soil our fathers trod.

And as to-day we sport the chosen leaf  
Before the Altar-throne where Jesus reigns,  
Fast breaks the dawn o'er Erin's night of grief,  
Our hearts are glad—and yet we loved the  
stains.

Vicisti. Erin, victory is thine,  
The light of Freedom is upon thy brow;  
Through devious ways thou sought the Godhead  
Trine,  
So Mother Erin, mayst thou seek Him now.

MARCH 17TH, 1914.

## THE VOCATION

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### THE VOCATION.

WHEN the day was dead  
By her baby's bed  
A mother kneels to pray:  
"By the blood You shed  
For men's souls," she said,  
"Jesus, will You not say,  
If this child of mine  
May be priest of Thine,  
If such a grace might be?  
'Tis for this I pine,  
Oh! vouchsafe a sign,  
Is this his destiny?"

From above the bed,  
The Thorn-Crowned Head  
Looked on her little child,  
And as thus she prayed  
When the day was dead,  
The sleeper softly smiled,

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

And a baby hand—  
Does he understand  
The watcher's sweet design?  
What a mother planned  
In her fervour grand,  
Doth trace the Saving Sign.

And a vision bright,  
Of an altar white,  
The silent chamber fills,  
And this young Levite  
Who the sacred rite  
With holy awe fulfils.  
“Ah! it cannot be  
That my babe I see;”  
The Sin-crowned sweetly smiled,  
“By My own decree  
From eternity  
I called your little child.”

And the mother wept,  
As her darling slept,  
Sweet tears of holy joy,  
And the secret kept  
From all else except  
God and the sleeping boy.

## THE PRIEST

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### THE PRIEST.

OUT of the mystic silence  
He heard the whispered "Come,"  
But siren voices called him,  
Pleadings of friends and home;  
Life with its gaudy trappings,  
Glamour of worldly lure,  
Bright to the eyes first seeming—  
Or else to serve the poor?

But to the sweet temptation  
He steeled his pure young heart;  
For him nor home nor kindred,  
His was a life apart,  
His on the lonely hilltops  
With Christ, the Lord, to stand,  
Leading by his example  
Up to the Better Land.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

What of the years of waiting?  
How did he work and pray?  
Fearing, yet how desiring,  
The Ordination Day.  
"Thou art a priest for ever,"  
Thrills through his inmost soul,  
Treading with holy fervour  
Way to the final goal.

Perfect the preparation  
Of him who trembling stands,  
Robed in the sacred vestments,  
Touching with holy hands  
Chalice of man's atonement,  
Fruit of the pierced side;  
Signed with the blest anointing,  
Priest of the Crucified.

There with the August sunshine  
Tinting his robes of gold,  
Standeth the new-made pastor,  
Shepherd within the fold.  
He is a priest for ever,  
One of the chosen few,  
Kneeling there for his blessing:  
A mother's dream comes true.

## THE SISTERS

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### THE SISTERS.

THEY are passing through the portals to the day's  
appointed task,

(Sombre black the outer garment, white as snow  
the heart within).

Not to tread the path of Pleasure,

Not to garner Dead Sea treasure,

But to war for souls with Satan and the luring  
call of sin.

See them in the busy schoolroom training child-  
ish hearts and hands,

Earthly lore and storied knowledge giving to the  
plastic mind,

Truth from falsehood ever sifting,

Mundane actions upward lifting.

Christ-like, teaching youthful footsteps how the  
Narrow Way to find.



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

Bending low o'er anguished mortals in the  
watches of the night,  
Soothing some poor tortured body in the healing  
homes of pain,  
By the bedside vigil keeping,  
Guardian angels of the sleeping,  
While from hushed lips up to heaven steals the  
Ave's sweet refrain.

Tenderly in crowded hospice grey-haired dere-  
licts they tend,  
To the world's flos and jetsam they have thrown  
their portals wide,  
Ne'er a task is there too lowly  
For these vestal virgins holy,  
To do good to all their life's work, same as writ  
of Him who died.

Not for worldly praise or glory or the blighting  
lust of gold  
Are they striving in the silence of the lowly con-  
vent home,  
But they hear the Bridegroom calling,  
'Tis His ardent love enthraling  
Moves the Sisters of St. Joseph so to help His  
Kingdom come.

## THE DEAD SHEPHERD

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### THE DEAD SHEPHERD.

ABOVE thy bier, O dear dead holy one,  
We place the tribute of our human tears,  
Of sorrow that thy earthly race is run.

O dear dead Shepherd, we who loved you so,  
(The kindly heart our fond allegiance won),  
Our grief is sore that we have seen you go.

God willed it thus; nor would we mar your sleep  
By aught of mutinous complaint—ah, no,  
We murmur “Fiat” even as we weep.

O wonder not that we should thus unbend,  
And tearfully our sad-eyed vigil keep,  
’Tis but the human heart-break for a Friend.

To-day the incense of our prayers arise,  
“Out of the Depths” our petitions ascend,  
The mournful chant is mingled with our sighs.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

But—blessed comfort in our bitter woe—  
The glad " Laudate " echoes from the skies,  
With Light Eternal the dead face doth glow.

Farewell! We kiss the newly turned sod;  
We hold it sacred, for full well we know  
It guards the ashes of a saint of God.

## GOOD FRIDAY

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### GOOD FRIDAY.

THREE gibbets on a lonely Eastern hill,  
Three writhing, tortured victims; and about  
A multitude that mocked with ribald jest,  
And jeering laugh, and fiercest cries of hate,  
The throes of Him who filled the middle space.

To right and left but hung the common type  
Of outlawed human kind that menaced Law,  
And therefore to the Law did make amends.  
For them who cared? A rascal more or less?  
Men kept no holiday to see such die.

But not for any petty deed of theft,  
Or week-day crime of whatsoever kind,  
Was He condemned to hang upon the Cross,  
But that He made Himself the Son of God.  
A false Messiah this, a man possessed,  
Who divers wondrous miracles did work,

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

But by the power of Hell. A King forsooth!  
A Teacher of the Law! A Man of God!  
Such blasphemies as these He dared proclaim,  
And in the Holy Place preached doctrines new,  
Subversive of the old Judean faith.  
He set Himself above the great high priest,  
And all the learned men of Juda's land.  
A sinful Man who with His kind did herd,  
A rebel 'gainst both Caesar and His God.  
A thousand dupes did hang upon His words,  
And foolish women cried to see Him pass;  
The enemy of Juda's proud beliefs  
They hailed as saint, aye, more than saint, as God.  
But yesterday the foremost men of state,  
The two high priests, and all the learned scribes,  
On this most heinous charge did Him condemn:  
And so we keep a holiday to-day;  
The shops are closed, the market-place is bare,  
And hungry dogs prowl through the silent streets.  
Come, let your groans ring forth, behold He dies!  
So perish all who mock at Israel's God.

## THE OLD FAITH OF IRELAND

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### THE OLD FAITH OF IRELAND.

WHEN others boast of wide domain,  
And far-flung flag of Empire waving;  
When thy poor rags the proud disdain,  
The pomp and power of kingdoms craving,  
Even though thine eyes be wet with tears,  
Thy fields be stained with dewdrops gory,  
Yet canst thou stand among thy peers,  
And point with pride to this thy story.  
For thy boast is the Old Faith of Ireland,  
The joy and the pride of our sireland,  
What though blood and though tears  
Have been thine through the years,  
Thy proud boast is the Old Faith of Ireland.

They cast it forth from ancient shrine,  
Proscribed and banned its Symbol holy,  
They nailed thee to the Saving Sign,  
Even as of old thy Master lowly;

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

But deep in wild and lonely glen—  
The winds of winter all unheeding—  
The grey-haired soggarth pardoned sin,  
The "Mass-rock" saw the Victim bleeding.  
Thus they exiled the Old Faith of Ireland,  
The joy and the pride of our sireland,  
But though blood and though tears  
Have been thine through the years,  
Thou wert true to the Old Faith of Ireland.

But now her Passiontide is o'er,  
The Easter dawn is softly glowing,  
She stands unloosed beyond the door,  
The Sepulchre no longer knowing;  
And in the brighter days to be,  
Though many praise her new-found beauty,  
Please God an Ireland fair and free  
Shall still be true to Faith and Duty.  
Then hurrah for the Old Faith of Ireland,  
The joy and the pride of our sireland,  
Sealed with blood and with tears  
Through the long weary years,  
God be praised for the Old Faith of Ireland.

## A SISTER'S PRAYER

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### A SISTER'S PRAYER.

BEFORE the grotto in the convent garden,  
A black-robed Sister knelt in silent prayer,  
Beseeching mercy, pleading grace and pardon,  
For wayward children of the Virgin fair.

"For Jesus' sake regard them, gracious Mother,  
Lead erring feet from ways that are defiled,  
In thee they hope, for there is not another  
To plead for them before the Holy Child."

And as before the grotto thus she pleaded  
For sin-stained hearts and hands with guilt  
red-dyed,  
There came a thought—at first she scarcely  
heeded—  
That words availed not with the Crucified.

To doubt was sinful, so she prayed the faster,  
But still the dread temptation did assail;



## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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“ By loving deeds we imitate the Master,”  
The Tempter whispered, “ words do naught  
avail.”

“ Beyond the confines of the convent garden  
The fallen lie along the great highway;  
You aid them not by mouthing pleas for pardon,  
They seek a helping hand—you idly pray.

“ Their ears are strained to catch the word of  
friendship;  
They hunger for the smile that bringeth balm;  
The kindly deed that doth proclaim true kinship  
Means something more than mumbling of a  
psalm.”

So well the Tempter veiled his specious pleading  
In garb of light, like minister of grace,  
That even Mary seemed as though unheeding,  
Cold disapproval writ upon her face.

The shadows lengthened o'er the convent garden:  
The birds grew silent—e'en the roses slept,  
And with their fragrance died the pleas for  
pardon;  
The black-robed Sister prayed not now, but  
wept

## A SISTER'S PRAYER

---

Such bitter tears as tell of hearts nigh broken;  
Of hopes that blossom but to fade and die;  
Of partings sad, and bitter farewells spoken;  
Of wounds that healing hand of time defy.

"O pity me," she cried. "Help my decision,  
Is work then all, and prayer of no avail?"  
And Mary heard, and lo! behold a vision  
Resolves the doubts that torture and assail:

A lonely workman toiled long hours unceasing,  
In arid fields that bleak and barren lay,  
In vain. No hope of harvest glad increasing  
Cheered his sad heart at close of weary day.

That night the toiler tossed in troubled slumber;  
His hopeless striving haunted his repose.  
The barren fig-tree did the ground encumber,  
Dream Voices whispered. Shuddering, he arose,

And sadly sought his fruitless field of labor,  
Determined to destroy, for hope had fled,  
When lo! Behold a glory as of Thabor  
Shone o'er that garden where his soul lay dead.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

And spirit shapes, rare fashioned vessels bearing,  
That held a fragrance more than earthly sweet,  
In countless hosts were through the garden  
faring,  
That bloomed afresh at touch of angel feet.

He stood amazed. The arid wastes were smiling,  
With harvest white the barren fields were fair.  
"The Evil One but mocks my useless toiling,"  
He thought, and humbly crossed himself in  
prayer.

In fear and awe he sought once more the garden,  
No white-robed angels passed; the light had  
fled:  
A shrine was there, and pleading grace and  
pardon,  
A black-robed Sister humbly bowed her head.

The sleeper stirred. The Ave bell was ringing,  
His soul, new-born, knew nothing more of care.  
In convent chapel voices softly singing—  
'Twas Mary's answer—God had heard her  
prayer.

## HIS MOTHER'S ROSARY

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### HIS MOTHER'S ROSARY.

ONE Autumn eve in humble Irish home  
A grey-haired mother knelt to tell the beads  
Before the statue of the Virgin mild—  
A little cheap Madonna, yet more prized  
Than Milo's Venus by this simple soul  
Who walked with angels, and who spoke with  
God

Each moment of the lonesome weary day.  
And through the silent vigil of the night.  
And yet not lonesome, though her kith and kin  
Had passed beyond the bourne of that fair land  
Where Mary waits with "Welcome" on her lips  
To lead us up to heaven and to Christ.  
For in the silence of such hours as this  
The graven lips spoke words of comfort sweet,  
And in those eyes she read the golden script  
Of love most ardent, and the potent Will  
To be her Helper and Affliction's shield.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

But as before the Virgin's humble shrine  
She spoke her Aves on this Autumn eve,  
Her tears were not for those who slept in death,  
Her thoughts were with the one remaining link  
That bound her still to earth, her exile child,  
Who, 'mid the pitfalls of a foreign land,  
By daily toil sought meagre store to win  
That her grey hairs might suffer naught of want.  
For him she prayed to her who understood  
The lethal grief of parting, and the pain  
Of hopeless longing in a mother's heart.  
And Mary heard the prayerful Aves fall  
So fervently from patient, trustful lips.  
She felt each throbbing of the breaking heart,  
And read in weeping eyes the mute appeal.

As thus two mothers pleaded for this soul,  
This child of both traversed the lonely streets,  
Despair his mentor, hunger for his guide.  
For days and weeks that seemed like leaden years  
He fought the Demon and he prayed for Light,  
But nought availed it. Heaven, then, was deaf?  
Well, Hell remembered. And the Demon mocked  
His famished soul with visions of the wealth  
That flashed from mansions where the idle few  
Did batten on the blood of such as he.

## HIS MOTHER'S ROSARY

---

The cunning serpent whispered in his ear,  
"The good God never meant the poor should  
starve

Whilst rich men's dogs were pampered with the  
food

They vainly coveted. But bide your time,  
And when the chance is yours, why, help yourself.  
A thief? Well, even so, how better they  
Who steal the wages of the toiling mass,  
And wanton in the wake of broken hearts?"  
And thus by specious arguments convinced,  
This Autumn eve he tramped the lonely streets,  
A thief in thought and in his grim resolve.

But hark! What force is this doth guide his feet  
Towards yon red light that through the open door  
Streams out upon the murky leaden night?  
Some surpliced priest is chanting Mary's praise,  
And on his ears there falls the old refrain  
Of "Holy Marys" heard in Irish home,  
Where youthful hearts knew nought but love and  
Faith.

O blessed vision of his childhood's days!  
He saw again our Lady's humble shrine,  
His father's patient face, his mother's smile;  
The dear departed kneeling round about.

## AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE

---

And he was there—he heard his own young voice  
Cry “Holy Mary,” and the Virgin smiled,  
Or seemed to, as the prayerful Aves rose  
From hearts that trusted and from souls that  
loved.

Aye, that was long ago. But Mary still  
Was Queen of Angels and of Irish hearths,  
But he no more could speak her holy name—  
The hands that reached to take another’s gold,  
How dare they fondle Mary’s blessed beads?  
Already God had cursed his shameful sin,  
An exile now from more than Erin’s shores,  
An exile, too, from Mary’s splendid love.  
Ah, Blessed Lord, forbid! A thousand times  
More welcome waiting death for her he loved,  
Than that throughout the endless chain of years  
No “Holy Marys” might be his to chant  
Before the pure-white throne of Heaven’s Queen.  
That she who wept and prayed for him to-night,  
Would have it even so, he knew full well.

. . . . .  
“Ah, holy Mary, save my erring soul,”  
He fervent prayed, and, kneeling, bowed his head.

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